



THE IRISH WIDE-A-WAKE.

Air : Billy O. Rourke. — By HARRY M. PALMER.

As I walked out one evening,
I think 'twas in October,
I came across a jolly blade,
A rale ould fashioned toper ;
He axed me would I go wid him,
And tould me : none should harm me,
Will give you soup and chowder too.
In Lincoln's torch-light army.
Chorus : Fal di ral &c.

—Army? says I, be gobs! I'll not,
Although I'm fond of chowder;
I'd rather hungry go by far
Than muss wid guns and powdher.
—You are mistaken, friend, says he,
We join'd on this condition :
Our muskets are ould-Abe's split rails,
And oil's our ammunition.
Fal di ral &c.

To Cooper Institute we went :
It fairly made my head sick
To hear the spaker spout and blow
About nagers, rails, and conflicts.
He tould how Abe had often trailed
The wild Cats, Bears, and Panthers ;
But forgot to mention ould John Brown,
As well as bleedin Kansas.
Fal di ral &c.

Upon my head they put a cap,
And a cape upon my shoulders,
And stuck a big torch in my fist :
No wide-awake was boulder.
Now what they gave me thim clothes for?
I niver could diskiver ;
But I think the torch was meant to light
Abe Lincoln up Salt-River
Fal di ral &c.

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